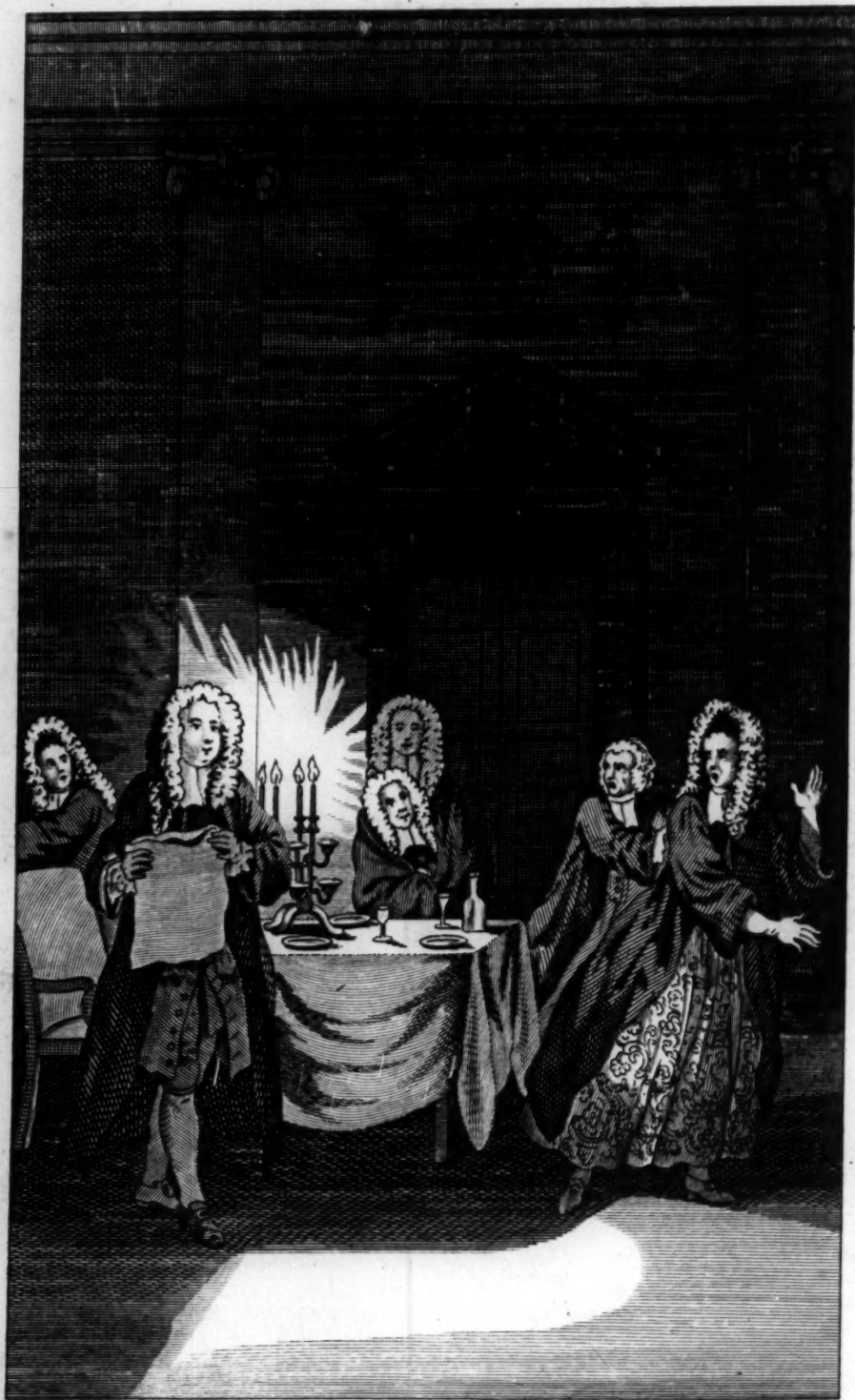
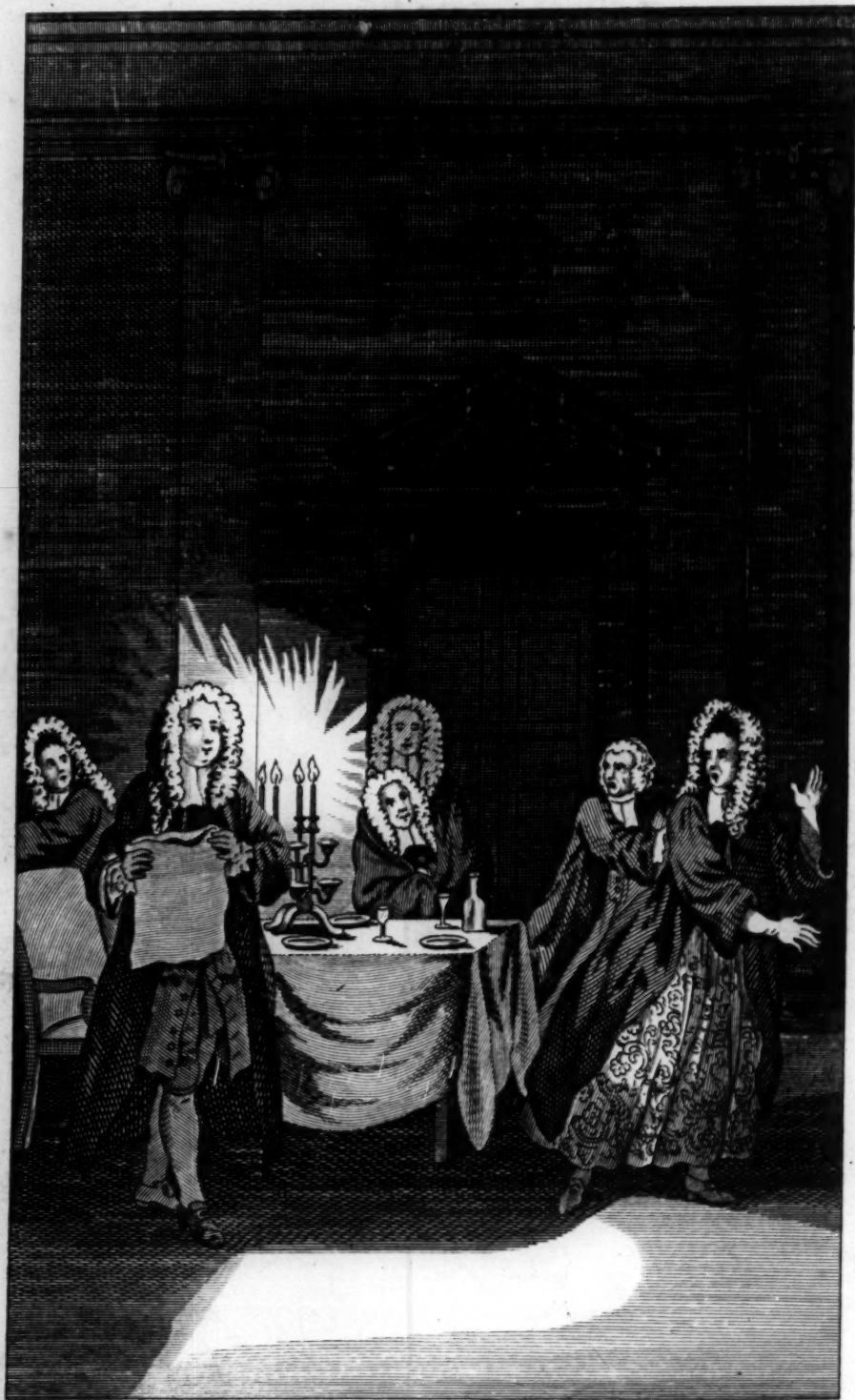


Frontispiece.



• *MR. FOOTE and MRS. GARDNER, in the Characters of two Serjeants at Law, with the other droll Figures which form the first Scene of the third Act of the same Lover.*

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*Robt. Willingham*

# WIT for the TON!

THE

## Convivial Jester;

O R,

### SAM FOOTE's Last Budget Opened.

Containing original and authentic Anecdotes, Bon Mots, jocular Remarks, poignant Repartees, whimsical Occurrences, queer Hums, inimitable Witticisms, &c. of that immortal Child of Humour

### The English ARISTOPHANES;

With authentic Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a particular Recital of the many laughable Incidents which befel him in the *former*, and the various whimsical Occurrences that gave rise to the *latter*.

---

Since we mean to make you laugh,  
Our Motto is an Epitaph,

SAM. FOOTE is dead, yet do not weep,  
His Wit alive will ever keep;  
And tho' his Body's under Ground,  
You'll find his Humour here abound.  
Poor SAM. now with the Worms resides,  
Yet here a Friend with Care provides  
Enough of him to shake your Sides. }  
Then if a Tear should wet your Eye,  
Let it be Laughing makes you cry;  
With Spleen and Grief still be at Strife,  
You'll find in WIT and MIRTH there's Life.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for W. ADLARD, at No. 10, Salisbury Court,  
Fleet Street; and may be had of all Booksellers in Town  
and Country.

[Price One Shilling.]

The logo of the British Museum, featuring a circular emblem with the text "BRITISH MUSEUM" around the top and a central coat of arms.[illegible]

Printed for W. ADLARD, at No. 10, St. Andrew's Church, and may be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.  
[Price One Shilling]



## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

THIS little volume contains the witticisms of a very distinguished character, who has just withdrawn from the great theatre of the world; who, living, sallied boldly on that monster, VICE, and defeated him with a continual discharge of jests and laughter; and who, dead, is regretted by all who have been charmed with the poignancy and brilliancy of his satire. It was FOOTE, the child of nature, who strewed the path to discretion with the flowers of wit and humour. It was this author, manager, and performer, by whom we were instructed, that elaborate dissertations on virtue and vice have not the effect of a well-digested dramatic exhibition; for though we are equally attracted by the *beautiful* and *deformed*, admiring the one, and abhorring the other, yet we forbear an investigation of the beauty of virtue and deformity of vice. The reason is obvious: Virtue we find commonly delineated with so grave an aspect, that those who would be willingly her votaries, finding so reserved a mistress, behold her at a distance, as they do vice, of whose deformity they unhappily have not a sufficient sense. Hence the celebrated dramatist, whose memory we mean to commemorate, painted to the imagination, in a continued scene of mirth and humour, the hideousness of the one, and the attractive graces of the other. But, alas! the golden branch is cropt, without leaving, we fear, a succeeding shoot to display equal rays of such pure and transcendent lustre.—Death has snatched him from us, and we bemoan the loss of a man, whom candour will acknowledge to have possessed one of the best heads, and not one of the worst hearts; and that perhaps “we never shall look upon his like again.”

# INTRODUCTION

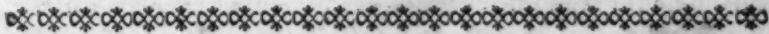
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*WIT for the TON!*

O R,

SAM FOOTE's  
LAST BUDGET OPENED.



N the Saturday before the decease of Mr. Foote (which happened, at Dover, on the evening of Tuesday the 21st of October, 1777) he had a select party of friends to dine with him at his house at North-End; and was observed to be not only remarkably chearful, and full of his wonted pleasantry, and convivial flow of soul, but to be in as good a state of health as at any time since his first illness, in the preceding April.

This illustrious ornament of the drama, and unrivalled hero in the fields of genuine wit, humour, and satire, was in the fifty-sixth year of his age when he made his sudden

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*exit*

*exit* from the *theatre* of this world, in consequence of a stroke of the palsy.

He was descended from a very respectable Cornish family, was born at Truro in Cornwall, and educated at a school in that place, from whence he was, at a proper season, removed to Worcester college, in the university of Oxford; a college founded by one of his near relations.

Early in life Mr. Foote came into the possession of an ample fortune; but the extraordinary liveliness of his disposition, added to an uncommon quickness of parts, rendering him a very desirable companion, he soon formed a large circle of acquaintance, and, joining with them in all the dissipations of the times, found himself in distress in a very few years. In a whimsical moment he thought of the stage, as a field for fame and fortune, and played Othello at the little theatre in the Hay-market, as a trial part. He afterwards appeared in Fondlewife, Lord Foppington, Sir Paul Plyant, and many other characters, with success. About the year 1746, he opened the Hay-Market theatre with his *Diversions of the Morning*, but was stopped on the second day's performance through the interest, and at the request, of the late Mr. Lacy, at that time patentee of Drury-Lane theatre. He afterwards procured the protection of a noble duke, and through his means continued for some time to profit, by presenting the publick with various eccentric efforts of his muse. He afterwards had more than one engagement at Drury-Lane theatre, during Mr. Garrick's management; and for several successive summers, within the last twenty years, he played at the Hay-market house, under favour of a licence from the Lord Chamberlain for the time being. A well-known accident\* (which happened to him in the year 1766) was the means of his obtaining a patent, authorizing him, during the term of his natural life, to open the Haymarket theatre on the 15th day of May, and continue it open till the 15th of September every year.

His various pieces are familiar to the publick. Few authors can boast of having written so many; perhaps no one

\* That of the loss of a leg, in consequence of a fall from his horse, while in company with his late royal highness the duke of York; through whose generous interference our Aristophanes procured this grant from his majesty, and was thereby (to use a pun) *re-established upon his legs more firmly than ever.*



of having so rarely experienced the censure of the theatre. His *fort* was the exhibition of character, in which, although he was rather a painter for effect, than the holder of a delicate pencil, yet, for boldness of outline, and strength and truth of colouring, he stood unrivalled. His dialogue in general is terse, easy, and witty. His scenes teem with true humour; and, under the mask of infinite pleasantry, convey the strongest satire. No dramatic writer ever paid less attention to the fables of his plays; and yet there are not to be seen, in the whole round of modern pieces, so many striking pictures of vice and folly as have been drawn by the late Mr. Foote. He may be truly said to have "caught the living manners as they rose," and to have had the happy art of presenting, whatever he designed to exhibit, in a point of view so truly ridiculous, that every auditor was under the necessity of joining in the general laughter excited, and left the theatre not the less amended for having been uncommonly well entertained. To sum up all, as an author, Mr. Foote was fertile, comic, and nervous; as an actor, bold, original, and warm: his talents, it is true, lay rather in the exhibition of *caricature* than *character*; in a peculiar line, however, and that of a capital sort, he was not only masterly, but superior to every competitor. As a private man, he was humane, generous, and friendly; softened by the tale of distress, liberal in the relief of indigence, or the reward of merit, and ready on all occasions to assist either with his pen, his purse, or his personal interest, all who had the smallest claim to his friendship. In the company of men of high rank, and superior fortune, (who eagerly sought his acquaintance) he preserved an easy and noble independency; as a man of wit and conviviality, there lives not his equal. Nor was he less hospitable than social; his many, many friends who now live sincerely to lament his loss can attest this assertion. Since no man therefore has more essentially contributed to the entertainment of the public, or more repeatedly made the minds of his acquaintance expand with mirth and good humour, let us in gratitude pass over his few foibles, and reflect on his many virtues, with that mixture of joy and sorrow felt by every individual, who in the moment he regrets the loss of a dear friend, rejoices that among the actions of his life many deserve the highest praise, and that the effusions of his genius have established him a degree of

fame superior to the blasts of envy, the efforts of malice, and the corroding tooth of time itself.

To the above account it may not be improper to add, that Mr. Foote had taken care to make his will several years before his death. By it his *natural*, and only surviving child, Master George Foote (who is now about seven years of age, and at boarding-school at Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire) was constituted residuary legatee; and the late Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Hamilton of Falcon-Court, Fleet-street, and Mr. Jewel (for many years Mr. Foote's treasurer and steward) were nominated executors.

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Mr. Foote was hardly more remarkable for the brilliancy of his *wit*, and the singularity of his *humour*, than for his *penchant* to the *delicacies of the table*—Happening, not long before his death, to call upon a friend in the city, in order to eat a bit of dinner with him, he was *so far in luck* as to enter in the very nick when Mr. and Mrs. ——— were seating themselves at table.—As the Dæmon of disappointment would have it, however, he was *so far out of luck*, that, on the morning of the day he called, the kitchen-chimney had fallen down while dinner was getting ready; nor had the cook (highly as she was astonished, and in a manner *planet-struck*) been able to save, from the general wreck, more than a *tureen of soup* and a *neck of mutton*.—Accustomed to see a variety of good things at his friend's table, Mr. Foote, on being asked to have some soup, replied, *No—I'll wait for something else*.—To the soup succeeded the mutton; and the hungry Aristophanes being, in like manner as before, desired to have some—*No, thank ye* (said he) *I'll wait for something else*.—The deception could be now kept up no longer; and accordingly the lady of the house, with a thousand apologies for it, told him of the accident, and recapitulated to him all its particulars. “Hay!” cried the Wag, with infinite good-humour, interrupting the lady, and giving a broad look to the servant, who was by this time (not knowing of what had passed) preparing to dismantle the board—“hay! Madam,” cried he—“what, are we, then, come to short allowance? Then here, John! not so fast, bring back the mutton; for egad! I find it's now NECK or NOTHING with us.”

“ Our

“ Our poor departed Sammy” (as his surviving convivial friends now style him in their joyous hours) was never remarkable for *economy*; and so long as *economy* continued the favourite *pass-word* at court, so long did it continue the favourite *mock-word* of the *English Aristophanes*.—Everybody who remembers Mr. Foote, must remember the beautiful set of *dun* horses with which he used formerly to drive his carriage.—On being complimented respecting their limbs, their fine shapes and colour, one day—“ Yes (returned the Wag) I am never without a *set of duns* in my retinue; but with this difference, that in the summer I drive the *duns*, and in the winter the *duns* drive me.”

Mr. Foote was particularly happy in *taking off* a certain self-important, though highly-illiterate, *speechifier* belonging to that seminary of dulness—the Robinhood society!—This *learned* orator was remarkable for making a frequent and ridiculous use of the words, *What not?*—Speaking of the extravagancy of young tradesmen, he once said, “ Things are got to such a pass now a days, that every petty tradesman must be continually running to Vaux-Hall, Ranelagh, or the Play-houses, and *what not?*—By which means they become acquainted with the infamous women of the town, and contract bad diseases, and *what not?* By these means they destroy their wealth and constitution, and *what not?* And presently after they get themselves into a gaol, or the Gazette, and *what not?* and perhaps they have a young family at home, exposed to want and beggary, and *what not?*” A Wag present could not help shewing his approbation of this elegant harangue, in the following words: “ Sir, you are a man of great erudition, ingenuity, genius, and *what not?*”

A certain city patriot is as fond, to this hour, of the phrase, *things of that kind*, as the orator was of *what not?* The words *things of that kind*, are terms that he frequently applies to the most opposite articles. The following is a specimen: “ I am very fond,” said he, “ of *leg of veal* or *ox-cheek*, and *things of that kind*, but I abominably hate *roast beef*, or *boiled fowl*, or *tripe*, and *things of that kind*:” “ I don’t like to see your *oratorios*, and puppet-shews, and *things of that kind*,” but I am very fond of *comedies* and *tragedies*, and *things of that kind*.” An acquaintance once proposed to walk with him to Richmond. “ No” (replied he) it is too far to walk; let us take a *boat* or a *coach*, or  
*something*

*something of that kind.*" He once declared that he was quite weary of a *single life*, and was determined to get *married*, or *something of that kind*;" but if he should happen to express himself in so coarse a manner, to the young lady he happens to address, she may probably give him a denial, or *something of that kind*.

Mr. Foote standing one day, in a very pensive attitude, in the kitchen-garden of Carlton-house, and being observed by a gentleman from a window, the latter said to parson Foote, "What the d——l is *Sam* doing yonder among the cabbages?"—"Let's go and see," replies the parson. Accordingly these two gentlemen, with some ladies, repaired to the spot where the Wit stood. "What are you doing there, Mr. Foote?" said one of the ladies. "Why, Madam, replied he, I'm in raptures!"—"In raptures!" said the lady, "with what?"—"With a *cabbage-stalk*," added the Wit, and instantly began the following dissertation on it, which he afterwards reduced to writing, nearly verbatim as spoken, and of which many copies were taken:

"A *cabbage-stalk*, ladies and gentlemen; what shall I say of a *cabbage-stalk*? The first part of it to be considered is the *root*; for, without the *root*, nothing can be said on the matter. Well, then, the *root*!—observe the *root*, ladies: See the numerous filaments by which it receives its nurture. Were ye, ladies, but as deeply *rooted* in *love*, your fruits might be as answerable. But, to speak in general terms: Were *we* but as deeply *rooted* in mutual friendship, *our* fruits would be as estimable. But, on the contrary, we had rather vegetate in a vicious soil, and on avarice, which is the *root* of all evil, and graft the whole fraternity of vices.

"There is another reason, ladies and gentlemen, why I begin with the *root* of this cabbage; because it represents the *exordium* of a discourse; the *stalk* is the ratiocination, or argumentative part, and the *head* is the conclusion.

"The *root* of this cabbage I shall compare to the king, —because, you see, as all power and honour are derived ultimately from his majesty, so the *stalk* and the *head* of this same cabbage derive as ultimately their existence from the *root*: And, d'ye see, as this *stalk* and this *head* are reciprocally an honour to the *root*,—so his majesty is indebted to his subjects for his wealth, his power, and his magnificence.

"The



"The *root*, I say, is the *king*;—and the *stalk*, then, shall be the nobility and *gentry*:—And, let me see, what shall be the *head* of the cabbage?—why, the common people;—aye, the common people are the head of the nation.

"He?—What?—Aye!—I'm right in my logic, surely. — This *cabbage-stalk* is hollow: And how many human cabbage-stalks are there in this vast garden the world! He? — how many hypocrites?—This stalk was once of a lovely green, and full of sap, but now dried and withered:—And what is the fate of man but that of a cabbage-stalk?—Nay, my little preaching puppy of a brother, here, who stands by me, must, if he wishes to display his oratorical powers, actually imagine that his hearers are all *cabbage-stalks*. It will be then that soft persuasion, like Hyblean honey, will flow from his lips; then, that the blaze of eloquence warm his audience;—then—but by Jupiter 'tis dinner-time—my reflections are over—so there is an end of my dissertation on a cabbage-stalk."

Some years since, Mr. Foote dined at the Castle at Salt-Hill. When Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name—"Partridge, and please you," replied the Host.—"Partridge!" resumed Foote, "it should be *Woodcock*, by the length of your bill."

On being asked, what he thought of the late Sir Basil Keith's appointment to the government of Jamaica, "What do I think? replied the Wit—I think that the Irish *take us all in*, and the Scots *turn us all out*."

A physician at Bath once told Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems; but, said he, I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do. "Then take my advice," said the other, "and put your poems into the fire *with the rest of your irons*."

Sitting in a coffee-room, one day, and a dog being very troublesome, Aristophanes bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir;" said a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs."—"No" said he, "nor puppies neither."

As Tom F——(the celebrated *Cornuto*) was boasting, in company, what a number of children his wife had brought him;

him: "Aye (said Foote, with a sly wink) there would be some reason for all this triumph, could you but tell who was the *father* of them."

*Anecdote of General Paoli.*—As the Corsican chief was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of unlicensed pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a very pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all her former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handsome present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The Veteran stared, and demanded how. Why, Sir, said the girl, you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity. We are both the children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other. The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.

In the early part of his life, the late Sir Alexander Grant practised physic in the West Indies.—As he was rather proud, Mr. Foote, in order to mortify him, accosted him one day by the title of Dr. Grant, after he had assumed that of Baronet. When Sir Alexander found there was no end of *How do you do, Dr. Grant?* he replied warmly, "Sir, I am no doctor"—"No faith (said the other) nor ever were."

The duke of C. dining at Foote's, when Mr. Reynolds was present; his highness said, "So, Mr. Reynolds, I find you are intimate with Mr. Wilkes.—Pray what time does he go to bed?—what time does he rise?" And several questions equally important.—"Your highness (cried Foote) will please to remember that Mr. Reynolds is Wilkes's *attorney*, not his *chamberlain*."

When Mr. Foote was told, about a week before his death, of the singular circumstance of a banker's wife, in Birmingham, *making it a point* to be always in the straw at the time of her majesty's lying-in, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and (shaking his sides all the while) said it put him in mind of a courtier who (as the story went when he was a boy) had been so used to pay homage to majesty,

majesty, that when queen Anne, one day at the levee, asked him, when he expected his lady would be brought to bed, instantly replied, with a profound bow—*Whenever your majesty shall think proper.*

An Italian gentleman, who was dangerously ill, and at the same time heavily charged with debts, told his confessor that the only favour he had to ask of Heaven, was, that his life might be prolonged till he discharged them. Then replied the priest, since your reason for wishing to live is so just, I pray that your prayers may be heard. Ay, father, answered the sick man, I pray that they may, for I am sure if I live till I pay all my debts, I shall never die.

A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

In the time of the wars between the duke of Marlborough's army and the French, in the reign of queen Ann, it was a constant practice with the French court, to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris, after every battle, whether their army got the victory or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people. And once, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations were made as usual, a marshal of France merrily said, "By my honour, the people of our nation are like flint stones, the more you beat them, the more fire they make."

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he came first to England, he made such a figure, that the bells rung in all the towns through which he passed, till he came to London; "Ay (said a gentleman in company) I suppose that was, because you came up in a waggon with a bell-team."

Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, being asked how it happened, that his countrymen were more remarkable for their bulls and blunders than any other people; answered, he believed it was owing to the climate; and that if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would do the same."

Lord Chesterfield asked a lady of seventy, at what age a woman's amorous passions subsided. "Indeed, my lord, (said she) you must ask a woman older than myself, for I am unable to inform you."

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A very amiable young lady coming into an assembly one evening, dressed in a slight silk, was received by several gentlemen present with great politeness. A haughty coquette, piqued at the respect with which she was received by the company, said, She wondered people had the assurance to come into such a polite assembly dressed in a *slight silk*! The lady very smartly replied, "That a *slight silk* was preferable to a *slight reputation*."

A gentleman of Gloucestershire, some time ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would have for it. "No," said the other, I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure but that I shan't *marry* again."

Lord F—— having a violent *penchant* for a certain lady, he employed her chambermaid in the affair; at their next meeting he enquired what answer her lady had sent him. Answer, quoth the girl, why she has sent you this for a token, "giving him a smart slap on the face." Aye, cry'd the old fox, rubbing his chops, "you have lost none of it by the way."

When Mynheer Bentick, grandfather to the present duke of Portland, went to Wales to be present at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a speech in broken English, and addressed them in the following manner, Gentlemen, "I be com deer for all your goods." Ay, ay, replied Sir Watkin Wynne, and our chattels too."

An Irish fortune-hunter at Bath, telling Mr. Foote, that he had got an excellent phaeton on the new plan; I am rather of opinion, replied the other, that you have got it on the old plan, for I suppose you never intend to pay for it.

Some ladies in the long room at Bath, observed, colonel J——n was a smart fellow: Mr. Wilkes being present, chose to exercise his wit, by immediately asking him, who was his taylor? Oh, sir, says the colonel, he won't do for you, he deals for "ready money only."



To the honour of our departed Aristophanes it is to be remarked, that he was not more eminent for being a man of wit himself, than for being a patron of wit in others.—Happening to be in the city, some years ago, while a number of convicts were marching along hand-cuffed, in order to be conveyed on board a vessel in the river, destined to carry them, passage free, over the *herring-pond*, curiosity induced him to stop, and take a view of them.—Nothing could exceed the apparent gaiety of the culprits; of whom some were whistling, some singing, and all beating time to the rude notes of a tabor and pipe, which they had hired to celebrate the *happy event* of their departure to the *New World*.—In a fit of amazement, “Bless me!” cried Foote aloud, to a friend who accompanied him, “how merry these poor fellows are!” “Merry!” sharply returned one of the convicts with an arch grin—“And why not, master?—D——n me, Sir, if you will come along with us, you will be quite *transported*.”—Highly delighted with the novelty of the repartee, and the more so as coming from a quarter, whence it could have been so little expected, Mr. Foote enquired into the nature of the fellow’s offence; and finding it to be a trivial one, he never rested till he had obtained him a free pardon, and even put him in a way to obtain an honest livelihood.

*An Anecdote.*—In the early part of the late Mr. Foote’s life he struggled with great distress in consequence of a thoughtless, expensive turn of mind: He has been often without a shilling, or the means of procuring one, and would sometimes wear boots to conceal his deficiency of stockings: nay, he has owned to some intimate friends, that but for the humanity of a woman who kept a chop-house, and who gave him credit, he would, at one period of life, have wanted the necessaries of life. In the midst of this calamity, the relief of an unexpected supply neither taught him foresight or frugality. Any bauble or object of pleasure which struck his fancy, he purchased immediately without regarding the price; and prosperity had scarce taken him to her arms before poverty would snatch him from her embrace. It is mortifying to human vanity to behold minds of the finest texture subject to the greatest imbecilities; to find men of the best understandings guilty of actions for which a fool would blush, and dares to censure them. But their faults spring from their very excellencies.

When the imagination is fine, the passions possess all its fire and delicacy; hence there is a poignancy in the feelings of men of genius, to which the inferior herd of mankind are utter strangers. Pleasures keenly felt are not easily relinquished. A Blockhead is regular in his Conduct, not from the Goodness of his Understanding, but from the Baseness of his Nature, which preserves him from Imposition, and from Want of Sensibility to kindle into a Warmth of Enjoyment.

Dr. Johnson being once in Conversation with a Gentleman of Glasgow, the latter mentioned many fine Prospects that were to be seen at and near Edinburgh. When he had done, Johnson said, "I believe, Sir, you have forgot to mention the best Prospect of the whole."—"What is that?"—"The Road from Edinburgh to London."

At a Coffee-House not a mile from Temple-Bar, a Countryman of Mr. Burke the great Irish Patriot, speaking of that Gentleman as a great Orator, said, "Upon my Conscience he speaks with the Tongue of an *Angel*; for when I heard him, I thought the *Devil* was in the Man."

Charles the Second seeing Lord Rochester come limping into the Levee one Morning, offered to run a Race with him. "That would be a Bubble-Bet, replied Rochester, to cope in Fleetness with a Man who had *fled for his Life*."

A ragged Fellow boasting of the Antiquity of his Family, and what Arms they bore; "Very likely (said Foote who happened to be present) you may have a *Coat of Arms*, but I see you have hardly got *Arms to your Coat*."

A Taylor, having mended a Pair of Breeches for one of his Customers, was carrying them Home, when he saw a Funeral pass by, attended in the Procession by an Apothecary whom he knew—"So, Master," says he to the Apothecary, "I see you are going to *carry your Work Home too*, as well as I."

Two Persons in Company laid a Wager which of them could reach the highest; a third, who was remarkable for tricking and taking in the unwary in the Way of Business, got up and proposed a Bett of two Bottles to one, that he could reach higher than either of them. One of them replied with a Sneer; "Yes, Sir, we all know perfectly well that you can *over-reach* any of us."

Lady B—L---, being at the Play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin Sentences, she applied to a Macaroni

a Macaroni who sat behind her for an Explanation. He said it was Dog Latin, and he could not explain it. "It is strange," cried she, "that a Puppy should not understand his own Language."

Mr. Foote seeing an Irish Gentleman superbly dressed, just after he had taken the Benefit of the Insolvent Act, said, "Throw an Irishman into the Thames naked at low Water, and he will come up with the Tide at Westminster-Bridge, with a laced Coat and a Sword on."

A country fellow brought a letter to a gentleman's house, but he not being at home, he left it with a monkey that stood at the door. The gentleman afterwards meeting with the man, was very angry with him. "Sir, said he, an't please your worship, I delivered it to your *son*, who was at the door." "My son! says he; 'twas a monkey!" "Truly, says the fellow, I thought it was your *son*, he was so very like *you*."

A man who was blind of an eye, met, very early one morning, a crook-back'd man, to whom he said, Friend, you are loaded betimes: the crooked man replied, It must indeed be betimes, since you have got but one of your *windows open*.

Lord S—— after the first Day's Review at Portsmouth, having asked a Clergyman, whether such a Profusion of Fire and Smoke did not give him an Idea of Hell? The Reverend Ecclesiastical replied—"Yes; especially as I observed your Lordship to be in the Midst of it."

The celebrated Dr. Franklin was born at Boston, and not at Philadelphia, where he was bread a Printer, and sat up in business for himself; he printed a news-paper there, which he established and conducted with great care; in one of the papers he published, was the following epitaph, said to be written by himself:

Epitaph on a Printer, at Boston, in New-England,  
written by himself.

The body of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,

(Like a cover of an old book,

Its contents worn out,

And stript of its lettering and gilding)

Lies here, food for the worms;

Yet the work shall not be lost,

For

For it shall (as he believed) appear once more

In a new

And most beautiful edition,

Corrected and revised

By the Author.

When Aristophanes was gravely asked by a politician, one day, what he thought of the three Georges? He replied, "George the Wise, George the Prudent, and George the Unfortunate.—But *George the best of the Bunch*—What *my own* George will be," added he, alluding to his son of that name, "Old Daddy Time must develope."

As he was, on a certain occasion, going to St. James's, in order to pay his respects, a Lady of Quality offered him a seat by her, saying, "There's a place, Sir."—"Excuse me, Madam," said Mr. Foote, "I did not come to court for a place."

The late miserly, purse-proud old hunks, Mr. H——, having a mind to perpetuate his memory, ordered his statue to be carved in *Marble*. Before it was sent home from the Statuary's numbers of the *Cognoscenti* went thither to see it, and among the rest our Aristophanes. The latter, on being asked by a gentleman present, if he thought it was like the original? sarcastically replied,—“Oh, yes, very like—*Body and Soul*, egad!”

Many of our readers must have heard of Mr. Blast, who lives in Piccadilly.—A porter going to his house one day, with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket,—“Pray, your Honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blast lives?” Mr. Blast? Blast—did you say?” replied the Gentleman. “Yes, *Blast, your Honour*,” said the Porter: This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the Gentleman, that he not only refused to give the Porter information, but, in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.

A few hours before the Earl of Chesterfield died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the Thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words rising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. Ay, says his Lordship, I am not surprized at that;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a striking Beauty.*

When



When he was given to understand that he would die by inches, he replied with a smile, "If that is the case, *I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*"

Aristophanes being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress: "Good God!" said he, "that old fellow is always robbing the public."

Mr. Foote being one day asked, how it happened that the highest places, and more remarkable services, were not given by Government to persons who excelled in knowledge and judgment; but commonly to those who are deficient in those points? to which the other dryly and readily answered: "It is an old established custom, which promises never to be forgotten, to lay the heaviest loads on asses, not men."

As he was once upon a visit to the Earl of P——, who happened to keep a number of hogs at his seat at Walton, he was one morning looking into the sty, and perceived a silver spoon thrown among their victuals.—The hogs making more than common noise, caused one of the maids to come up, who silenced them; and perceiving Mr. Foote at first, cried in a passion, "plague on the pigs, what a noise they make." To which Aristophanes replied, "*Aye, well they may, buffy, when they've only got one silver spoon among them all.*"

A Lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and asked Mr. Foote, who was in company, to deliver his opinion: "Sir," says she, "do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" "I am sure, Madam," said he, "I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years."

As a Countryman was sowing his field, two London Bucks happened to ride by; one of whom, thinking to make fun of the old put, (as they styled him) called out to him, "Well, honest Countryman! it is you who sow, but, egad, it is we who reap the fruit."—"Mayhap it may be so, Master," quoth the Countryman: "there's many a true word spoke in joke; and, be it known to you, I am *sowing hemp.*"

A fellow, who had pick'd up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with "*Quelle heure est il, Monsieur?*" (In French, 'What is it o'clock, Sir?') to which the gentleman

tleman answered *Nescio* (in Latin, "I don't know.") *Damn it*, said the fellow, "I did not think it was near so late;" and ran off, as though he had something of great consequence to do.

A shoemaker, who had a vote in the election of members of parliament, went constantly to a house of entertainment that was opened on the side of one of the candidates, where meat and liquors were very liberally furnished. When the election came on, Crispin gave his vote against the gentleman on whose side he had all along eaten and drank; and being reproached for the baseness of his conduct, he burst into laughter, and said, "Ever whilst you live, quarter upon the enemy: I say, quarter upon the enemy."

*A Methodist Sermon, by George Alexander Stevens.*

*Brethren! Brethren! Brethren!* (The word *Brethren* comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breath-there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*; even from the top of my voice will I *bawl*; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; *and the sweet words that I shall utter*—and the *sweet words* that I shall utter, shall *sugarcandy* over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences.—Do you know how many taylor's make a man? Why nine—Nine taylor's make a man.—And how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'prentices to *Miss Fortune*, the *fashion maker*; and now you are out of your times, you have set up for yourselves.—My *great bowels*, and my *sm---all guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—*Give me a dram*;—Give me a dram—A dram of *patience*, I mean, while I explain unto you what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter-milk*, and therewith make a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and *Abomination*—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scourers? Have you bought any fullers earth to take the stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no *velvet-mouth* preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves

*sleeves*—You are full of filth : ye must be parboil'd ; yea, ye must be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup for the saints to sup a ladleful of ; and then the *scum* and the *scaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over* ; and that is called the *kitchen-stuff* of your consciences, that serves to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*, and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch* ; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket ; and the *Devil's gap* ; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn-fields—And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players* : the *players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.—The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenter-hooks of temptation.—*Tragedy* is the *blank verse* of *Belzebub* ;—*Comedy* is his *hasty pudding* ; and *Pantomime* is the *Devil's country dance*.—And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing plays ; yes, yes ; but you won't pay me : no, no ; 'till *Belzebub's* bum-bailiffs lay hold of you ; and then you think I'll pay your garnish ; but I won't. No ; you shall lay on the common side of the world ; like a toad-in-a-hole that is baked for the *Devil's dinner*.—Do you put some money in the plate.—Put some money in the plate ; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away ; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back : and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,  
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat :  
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,  
How much this preaching scours the belly :  
How pinching to the human tripe  
Is *Pity's* belly-ach and gripe :  
For that Religion (lovely maid)  
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

A Quaker had a misunderstanding with a neighbour, whose character was indeed none of the best ; and each thinking, or pretending to think, himself the party aggrieved, they went to law to determine it.—At the long run, from a defect of evidence, Aminadab found himself in the wrong box. Willing, however, to put the best face on the matter, on coming out of court on the day of trial, he advanced to his client, and said to him, " As matters, friend, are now adjusted, I hope we shall not continue at  
D variance.



variance. Wilt thou dine with me to-day? I shall be very glad of thy company to partake of what my table affords."

The other readily consented; but before the Quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the wrong end of the poker almost red hot, but not quite; and taking it out, placed it in its proper situation by the side of the fire. He then ushered in his guest; but before he had been there half a minute, "Friend," said Aminadab, "as thou sittest next the fire, I should be obliged to thee if thou wouldst stir it." The other, not suspecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a most shocking manner. It is impossible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice; and he abused the Quaker for it in the grossest manner. The Quaker made no other answer than this: "Friend, *thou art only burnt in the hand*, but hanging thou hast deserved these many years."

A certain gambling man of quality, having thought proper to marry a notorious woman of the town, Mr. Foote was one day asked what he thought of the alliance "Think of it (replied Sam) why that nothing could be more strictly in character; don't you know that *brimstone* and *cards* make admirable matches?"

Some years ago, Mr. Foote and Dr. Johnson, being in company together, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation: Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

The above wits at another time having a conversation about national learning, Foote observed, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. "Oh! Sir, (says Johnson) you are very much mistaken upon that point: I grant you they have all a *mouthful* of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*."

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. "Faith, Sir," says the wit, "I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear wife*."

When



When Mrs. Macaulay published her *Loose Thoughts*, Foote, who was in company with Garrick, said it was a very improper title for a lady; to which the other replied, he was of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better.

Foote meeting his old acquaintance Major B——, at Bath, this last season (a character well known in the annals of gaming), came up to him, and asked him with great cordiality, how he was? “Ah! Foote,” says the other, “I have had a terrible accident since I saw you last; no less than the *loss* of an eye.” “My dear fellow,” says the wit, “I am heartily sorry for it; pray at *what game*?”

A person being taken in company with a woman by the constable of the night, he began to expostulate with him; upon which the constable answered, Sir, I am his Majesty's Representative, and I shall *not regard Remonstrances*.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval having married an extremely ugly lady, though very rich, Foot observed, that Sir Francis had bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*.

When Mr. Foote heard of the above gentleman's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewel, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? “Not till next week, Sir,” replied the other, “as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*.” This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with some surprize, he asked, “And what the devil will they get there? I am sure,” says he, “I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it.”

The death of the late Mr. Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre (who was the son of a *baker* at Chiswick) had likewise a very great effect on Foote's spirits; being a legatee, as well as appointed, by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house, when an acquaintance coming up to him, asked him, if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? “Yes, poor fellow,” says Foote, almost weeping

at the same time, "I have just seen him *shoved* into the family-oven."

Foote being engaged to a rout of lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Mr. Foote," says her ladyship, "you must not be kept standing, take a chair." "You are very obliging, my lady," says the wit; "but there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."

Lord S——h, after the first day of the naval review at Portsmouth, having asked Foote, Whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? Foote replied, Yes; especially as I observe your lordship to be in the midst of it.

At Mr. Fordyce's sale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a *pillow*, on which a gentleman asked him, what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "Why," says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could sleep upon it."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pshaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil*." "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go further than any other man."

When Foote heard that Doctor Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of the Cozeners, at Marybone, "Well," says he, "let the Doctor take care of the fate of our first parents; *a fall in the garden*."

Foote happening to spend the evening with two dignitaries of the church, the conversation insensibly turned upon a point of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds, with great vehemence and strength of argument. Foote, during the contest, took no other share in the debate, than in recruiting their spirits, by constantly keeping their glasses filled: at last one of them turned about, and begged that as he could be at times as argumentative as witty, he would step in as arbitrator of their differences. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," says Foote,

Foote, very gravely; "but I have always made it a rule never to interfere in *family affairs*."

About three years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C—— B——n, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B——n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. "No, no" says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on*." "Why sure" says Mr. B——n, "we do not drink so hard." "No," says the wit, "but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg*."

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did; the Duke of C——d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

Foote being at supper one night at the Bedford coffee-house, just after Garrick had performed Macbeth, the conversation very naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when, after many eulogiums on the universality of his powers, it was allowed that he was the first actor *on any stage*. "Indeed, gentlemen," says Foote, "I do not think you have said above *half* enough of him, for I think him not only the *greatest* actor *on*, but *off*\* the stage."

When Foote was last in Ireland, he happened to see at the Castle one levée day, a person in the *suite* of the Lord Lieutenant, whom he thought he had known for many years to have lived rather a life of *expediency* in London; to corroborate his suspicion, he asked Lord Townsend who he was? "That is one of my *gentlemen at large*," says his Excellency: "Do you know him?" "O yes," says Foote, "very well, and what you tell me of him is very extraordinary; first that he is a *gentleman*; and next, that he is *at large*."

\* It was from this hint, perhaps, Doctor Goldsmith took the idea of Garrick's character, in his poem called, *Retaliation*.

The



The Mrs. *Reddish*, that was *Miss Hart* (for the gentleman from whom she takes her name has had so many *female connexions*, it is impossible to distinguish them but by their original names) playing the Queen in *Richard*, one night at Drury-lane theatre, and being rather of a coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote, who sat next to him, who she was? Being told her name was *Reddish*. "*Reddish! Reddish!*" says the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, Sir," added the wit, "*Horse Reddish.*"

At the time of the Jubilee at Stratford, planned and conducted by Mr. Garrick, in honour of Shakespeare, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad; particularly the day appointed for the public procession, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be dispensed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day in the public breakfasting room, just in the moment of a very heavy shower of rain, "Well, Sam," says he, rather disappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," says Foote: "Why, I think, it is *God's revenge against Vanity.*"

Soon after Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-garden theatre in *Barbarossa*, Lady Harrington observed to Foote, that he was really very *cutting*. "Oh! dear madam," says Foote, "I am not much surprised at that, consider he is a *razor grinder.*"

When Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son first came out, a gentleman was asking Foote, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world? "O yes, Sir," says Foote, "very much so; they inculcate the *morals* of a *w—e*, and the *manners* of a *dancing master.*"

Foote being one night very merry at the Bedford coffee-house, the conversation turned on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor; when, amongst many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was observed, as somewhat extraordinary, that though he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from being lucky in his pupils. "Why, yes," replies Foote, "though the *little one* is a *great one*, he is something like the famous running-horse Childers, the best racer in England *himself*, but could *never get a colt.*"

Some years ago doctor Arne produced an opera at Covent Garden theatre, called the *Rose*, which (though there were many *scriptural allusions* in it) was hissed off the stage  
the



the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance what he really thought of it. "Why, baiting the *piety* of it," says the wit, "I must confess I never saw a piece so justly *damned in my life*."

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing notes to Ossian, (a performance the reality of which has been much doubted) he observed, that the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers. "Why so," says a gentleman present. "Because," says he, "they are *notes of damned long credit*."

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his Lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its *age*, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very *curious*," says his Lordship; "perfectly so indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen any thing *so little of its age* in my life before."

Foote, when quite a boy, being chided by an elderly lady, his relation, (who had a remarkably red carbuncle face) for some fault that he had committed, denied it; but coloured at the accusation. "Nay," says the lady, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," said he, "it is only the reflection of your face."

King Charles II. was of a very merciful disposition, and it was with much unwillingness that he signed the warrant for the execution of criminals. One day the condemned roll being presented him by the Recorder of London for that purpose, the courtiers present interceded, some for one and some another, whom he crossed out, when there was but one left. Then he asked, who spoke for him? but none answering, "O! my conscience," says the king, this is some poor fellow, and wants money; I'll stand his friend;" and so struck him out.

Foote being asked, what he thought of Sir B. Keith's appointment to the government of Jamaica, replied, "What do I think?—I think that the Irish take us all in, and the Scots turn us all out."

*Exemplary*

*Exemplary Anecdote of the present Emperor of Germany.*

The affability of the present emperor of Germany procures for him daily opportunities of shewing his justice and beneficence. That prince went lately, without attendants, to see a poor officer, the father of a numerous family. He found him at table with ten of his children, and an orphan, whom he had encumbered himself with notwithstanding his indigence. The emperor, in some emotion at this sight, said to the officer, I well knew that you had ten children, but to whom does this eleventh belong? It is, answered the officer, a poor unfortunate child whom I found exposed at the door of my house. The emperor, greatly affected, and so much as to drop a tear at the sight, said to him, "I must make all these children my pensioners, and I would have you continue to give them examples of virtue and honour. I will pay for each two hundred florins *per annum*. See that my treasurer pays you to-morrow the first quarter of these pensions. I will take care of your eldest, the lieutenant."

Mr. Foote going once to take water at Whitehall stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, "Who can swim?" "I, master," said forty bawling mouths. The humorist observing one slinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about, said, "Sir, I cannot swim," "Then you are my man," said Foote, "for you will at least take care of me, for your own sake."

Mr. C. S. a tobacconist at Reading, had made a good deal of money in trade. Having no children of his own, he sent for his nephew, whom he designed for his heir. The young man came home to him, and soon distinguished himself by his love of pleasure. The minister of Reading, who had gained a great ascendancy over the old man's mind, speaking to him one day of the wickedness of the age, took occasion to hint to him something concerning his nephew's conduct. You well know, said he, his character, and yet you design giving him your fortune; would it not be better to have it expended in charitable uses, than to leave it to a young libertine, who will squander it away to gratify his inclination for debauchery? "Sir," answered S——s, "what you say to me may be excellent in the pulpit; but it is not my doctrine. I always thought that relations ought to be the first objects of our charity. My nephew will never have so much pleasure in spending my

my money, as I had in getting it. I will not leave him one shilling less, because he is a libertine; the more he spends, the more he'll want."

A wicked man among the chief citizens of Athens, asking a Lacedæmonian, who was the best man in Lacedæmon, received this ingenious answer, "Tis he who is the least to be compared to you."

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, "Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife." "Aye, that's true enough," answered the woman, "the more is my misfortune."

Two counsellors, each of whom had a hump on the right shoulder, pleading on the same side in a cause, the judge said, "there is no resisting the arguments of these gentlemen—they are both *bent* upon it—both on *one side*, and that's the *right*."

While the several press-gangs lately infested the streets of the city and suburbs, a gentleman, half tipsy, who had just staggered from a tavern into the middle of them, said, "God bless his majesty's *arms*! but as to the *supporters*, they are beasts."

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him, "What distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?" The carpenter answered, "Just four feet, five inches and an half." "Prithee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought perhaps that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

*Humorous Anecdote of the late Ned Shuter.*

At the close of that season in which Shuter first became so universally, and so deservedly celebrated, for performing the character of *Master Stephen*, in the revived comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the North of England—It happened, that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highwayman, who having put the usual compliments to

the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter (who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so) saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money," returns the droll, with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "O Lud, Sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here, always pays for me twinpikes an' all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled, and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued the rest of his journey.

A great many years ago, when Mr. Foote's finances were at a very low ebb, he found himself under the necessity of sleeping *incog.* at a hedge inn in Oxford. The night was not only remarkably wet, but remarkably cold; and as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded that he could not get near enough to warm himself—Upon seeing this, he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. "Oysters for your horse!" says the fellow, grinning: "What, shells and all!" "Aye, aye," replied the wag, "carry them to him unopened."—The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to Foote in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really to be carried to his horse! "For, says he, I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life." "No matter for that," replied the other, "carry them to him."—Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen—In the mean time our Aristophanes got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was the very thing he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before.—"Why, Sir," says he, "I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch." "Like enough, replied Foote, smothering a laugh, "why then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them."

Mrs. Foote (mother of Aristophanes) in company with some other ladies, entering one evening on the subject of

love,



*love*, and Foote happening to join them at the crisis, "my dear Sammy, said Mrs. Foote, what is *love* like?"—"Why my dear Mammy, replied he, 'tis like a plum-pudding and a red-hot poker!—it's *sweets* are out of sight! and it *lives* in the midst of *flames*!"

A lady observing in the hearing of Mr. Foote, that his Majesty had round shoulders—"No wonder, Madam," quoth the humourist, his Majesty, you know, has the burthen of three kingdoms on them."

In the Reign of William the Third a dispute happened between the Lords Salisbury and Huntingdon, when the former gave the latter a box on the ear. They were both put instantly under an arrest; and the king sent for lord Huntingdon, and insisted he should give his honour that he would not fight. Huntingdon was seemingly obliged to comply; but had no sooner left the king than he fought, and wounded Salisbury in a dangerous manner.—The king, highly incensed at this procedure, asked Huntingdon how he dared fight when he had given him his *honour*.—"Sire, (replied his lordship) your majesty was in the wrong to take such a pledge;—for at the time I gave it you I was a *beaten, infamous scoundrel*, and had *no honour* to give."

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happened to be an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat?—"By my soul I have obeyed your commands, and have *let them out*, and think I have made a very good bargain, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have *let them out* to him at six-pence a week; and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies."

Two gentlemen disputing in a coffee-house where Mr. Foote was, one of them began to rear his crest at the other. "Don't cock your chin at me," (cried he)—"Never fear him (said Aristophanes) his head is not *charged*."

A young lady, no ways celebrated for her virtue, being at the Pantheon, tript, and fell on her back: "Egad, said

Foot, who happened to be present, this verifies the old observation, *Prælice makes perfect*.

The late duke of Athol being in the north of Scotland in a very severe season, was preparing to come away, when the weather became so very bad that he could not set out. Looking out of the window one day, and seeing several ravens fluttering, "What, (cried he) have wings and stay here!"

As a country 'squire was shaving in town, he says to the barber, they do say here as how that I has a fast place in my head; what dost thou think of it? canst tell me where it is? the barber made a low bow, and replied, sir, as for the matter of that, I believe you are not belied, for your head is soft all over.

A baker being lately charged with making his bread light of weight, said, "corn is so dear, that it is impossible to do otherwise, and get an *honest* living by it."

In one of the many engagements in which Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough were concerned, it was thought necessary to call a council of war, in order to determine whether it was most adviseable to attack the enemy that night, or wait another opportunity: the Prince, together with the whole council, were unanimous for the attack that night; the Duke alone was of a contrary opinion. As the Duke's and the Prince's sentiments in regard to all operations had ever coincided, the Prince left the council, not a little dissatisfied that they should differ in the matter before them. After the council broke up, the Duke sent a message to the Prince, and informed him, that he only disguised his real sentiments in the council, for he perfectly agreed with the Prince for the attack, but, added he, "I knew there were spies in the council." Good God! what a great man the Duke is!" The result was, they attacked the enemy that night, and totally defeated them.

The Duke of Wirtemberg, our present faithful ally, having dined in company with some sovereign Princes, and and some petty German potentates, the conversation turned upon their different forces and powers. After hearing all their pretensions, the Duke said, "I do not envy any one of you that power which God hath given you; but there is one thing of which I can boast, which is, that in my little state, I can walk at all hours alone, and in security. I ramble among the woods, I lie down to sleep under some

tree,

trees, quite unconcerned, for I fear neither the sword of a robber, nor of an injured subject.—Query, Which of the crowned heads in Europe can say the same?

When the Duke of Buckingham, in the last century, came to Gondamor, the Spanish ambassador, to excuse the indignities which the rabble of the city had offered him, as he passed along the streets, the Count told him, that an apology was unnecessary, for he well knew, That though the flour of England was very fine, yet the bran was exceeding coarse.

A French gentleman who had lodged all his money in the hands of Mr. F——, some little time before he stopped payment, had the good fortune to save it by a droll and lucky accident. While he was standing one day in a fruit shop near the 'Change, a gentleman entered and ordered a desert of fruit of various kinds, to the amount of five or six pounds, for his dinner. The Parisian, at his departure, enquired what great duke or lord, or secretary of state that was, who had been so profuse in the simple article of fruit? He was answered, that it was Mr. F—— the banker, “Oh oh! you say dat? (returned the astonished foreigner) begar den me go dis minute, and take all my money from him, or he will eat it all up.” He drew out his money immediately, and Mr. F—— stopt payment two days after.

As an archbishop reprehended some actions of Elizabeth, queen of England, and proved by the scripture, that she had acted more like a politician than a christian, she answered, “I see plainly that you have read the *Scripturê*, but not the *Book of Kings*.”

An English gentleman observing at Mrs. Cornely's, that the people of this country were, in general, the very opposite to the people of France, a French man of quality, with whom he was conversing, replied, “That is very true, for with us no people are in disgrace, but those *turned out* of employment, and with you no body is contemptible but those *turned into* places.”

#### *A Frenchman's Description of London.*

London is an assembly of merchants and philosophers, who live in perfect harmony. The philosopher forms systems, falls into a consumption, and dies without having deranged the domestic system of his neighbour, who gets  
his

his wife with child, eats roast-beef and plum-pudding, and dies of indigestion.

A great personage asked lord S——h, how the citizens came to patronize such a profligate as Wilkes. His lordship replied, "They would patronize the devil, if he assisted them to pull down a minister."

A macaroni, who was fond of a girl of the town, caught her lately in bed with a coachman, on which he charged her with her scandalous want of taste. The girl coolly replied, "You used to sleep with me for the credit of lying with a woman; and I sleep with this coachman for the pleasure of lying with a man."

*Whimsical Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle.*

At the close of the election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost *fell upon his neck and kissed him*.—"My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greatest man in the world. I long to serve you. What can I do for you?"—"May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die."—"Aye, that you shall with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend: be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking: If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn fields, come to court: if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet."—The voter swallowed every thing with extasy; and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expressions, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment



moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter—“Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came.”—“Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up.”—The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, “My lord, he is dead.”—“That’s well, my dear friend! I’m glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?”—“The morning before last, and please your grace.”—“What? so lately! Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown. The lightening itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?”—“All I wish for, in this world, is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him.”—“You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let’s look at you.”—By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have seduced him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger; which presently subsiding, his grace, unable to refrain from laughing at the oddity of the mistake, sent for him back, and with great good humour granted his request.

A certain judge being some time since on the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle. In the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner’s being an attorney. “O, Sir,” says his Lordship to the counsel, in a whisper,

a whisper, "do not make the case worse than it is; if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too."

James II. when he was duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I." Our immortal bard made the following reply. "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befalls us here, are indications of the wrath of heaven; in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes; but he lost his head."

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who had taken the name of *Linch*, "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*."

At a masquerade in Soho, several ladies of *easy virtue* appeared as *Dianas*—Foot was in the character of a fool.—One of the nymphs said to him, "So Mr. *Fool*, we seem to be *all* in *character* here."—"No Madam, (said he) for if we were, there would be more *Fools* and no *Dianas*."

When Mr. Foot was told of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage, he said, "I am glad to hear it, and hope it will be the last foolish thing he will do."

A native of Hanover was saying he wished he was in his own dear country again. "Ay, (cried Foote) you may well call it a *dear* country; for it has cost England three times more than 'tis worth."

Foote being asked whether he had seen a certain lady, who painted much, replied, "No one has seen her *face* here these ten years."

One day a country gentleman, at a Coffee-house, having a news-paper in his hand, said to Foote, who sat next him, "I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers." To which Foote answered, "Look amongst the robberies."

A person asking Foote what was become of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson; Foote replied, he had been for some time

time a rambler; he next turned idler; and at last dwindled into a spreader of *false alarms*.

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his bon mots; being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My lord, I am council in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here—" "Stop, Sir," says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word soldier as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am an *officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily. "Why then, my lord, to speak more correctly; this officer here, who is *no soldier*."

It is related of Lord Chief Justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, that being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Curiosity induced him to enquire the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he was once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of *Tom* such-a-one, and *Will* such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, "Ah! my lord," said he, "they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

A gentleman having a remarkable bad breath, was met by Foote at Lucas's coffee-house, who asked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," says he, "which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a damned North wind full in my face all the time." "Come, come," says the wit, "don't *you* complain, for the North wind had the worst of it."

When the celebrated Doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—Quack—Quack*."

Mr. Foote being one day on the river Avon, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and the boat being ordered to a particular place, where the wit happened to owe a sum of money, he said he had a particular aversion to that place: the

F

company

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company, however, were all bent upon going thither. Foote remonstrated ; the company laughed at him. " Well, (said he) since you have *your* humour, now let me have *mine*." Accordingly, stripping himself almost naked, to " salute, (he said) the Naiades of the Avon," the company gladly agreed to change their course, and steer to another place.

A Quaker, driving in a single horse chaise, up a green lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single-horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. " I'll not make way for you," says the blood, " d——n me if I will." " I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, " and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me." " I won't, damn me," resumed the first. He then pulled out a news-paper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise ; the Quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and fumed away very comfortably.—" Friend," said he to the young blood, "*when thou hast read that paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me.*" My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the Quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

The present duchess of Kingston, when Miss Chudleigh, having obtained for her mother a suite of chambers at Hampton-Court, his late majesty, some time after, meeting her at the levée, asked her how her mother liked her new apartments? " Perfectly well, Sire," says the other, " in point of room and situation, if the poor woman had but a bed, and a few chairs to put in them." " O, by all means," says the king ; and immediately gave orders for furnishing her bed-chamber. In a few months after this order, the bill was brought in, which ran thus : " To a bed, &c. for Mrs. Chudleigh *four thousand pounds.*" The sum was so great the lord-chamberlain would not pass the account until he shewed it to the king. His majesty immediately saw how he was taken in ; but it was too late to retract : he accordingly gave orders for the payment, and observed at the same time, if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, she would never lie down on it as long as she lived.

During



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During the time of the attack on Sullivan's island, General Lee was one day reconnoitring the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the Continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid du camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. "'Sdeath, Sir, cried Lee, what do you mean? do you dodge? Do you know that the king of Prussia lost above a hundred aid du camps in one campaign?" "So I understand, Sir, (replied the young officer) but I did not think you could spare so many."

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V E R S E S *occasioned by the* D E A T H *of*  
S A M U E L F O O T E, *Esq;*

O F late, how dreadful on our modern stage  
Has tyrant Death employ'd his ruthless rage!  
Year after year exerted cruel sway,  
And swept the fav'rite of *each* Muse away;  
MOSSOP and BARRY—WOODWARD—each a name  
Consign'd by millions to theatric fame,  
Successive fell!—at length he aims his stroke  
At FOOTE, "the soul of whim," the life of joke;  
Nor could that wit, admir'd by all below,  
Delay the triumph, or avoid the blow.

How oft in life the Comic Muse has found  
Her darling with immortal plaudits crown'd!  
Poet and Player, while he wore the bays,  
And claim'd as due the tributary praise.  
His satire keen, in lasting traits display'd,  
What rank, what force of wealth could e'er evade!  
A copious field, the vices of mankind  
And follies, for the satirist refin'd,  
Whose pencil, strong and accurate, can trace  
Th' unnumber'd foibles of the human race!

This task was HIS; endu'd with matchless art—  
To trace the passions rising from the heart,  
Whose secret avenues to him were known,  
That made the "living manners" all his own.

GREECE boasted ARISTOPHANES of old,  
For wit renown'd, in pointed satire bold;  
If qualities like these can merit praise,  
The Aristophanes of these our days

Unrival'd

Unrival'd stood; and if his various plan,  
 That mark'd the follies, singled out the man,  
 Such was th' original from whence he drew,  
 And, Britons! Grecian modes transfus'd to you,  
 Often severe, yet sure to meet applause,  
 While satire kept within dramatic laws;  
 And while he held the high-pois'd balance ev'n,  
 Tho' not unenvy'd, by the *wise* forgiv'n;  
 Whose real worth defy'd destruction's pow'r,  
 Nor fear'd the laughter of the mirthful hour.

To *these*, still welcome, FOOTE has found access,  
 Pleas'd with his humour and his free address,  
 They hail'd him still the boon companion's boast,  
 And all the actor in the man was lost;  
 Nor did the princes of the land disdain  
 (Pleas'd with the sweetness of fair Pleasure's reign)  
 To bid the Comic Muse's wonted friend  
 Their computations and their feasts attend;  
 Where, full of mirth, he the rich banquet crown'd,  
 While the "wine sparkled, and the jest went round."  
 Consign'd at last to Death's cold dreary sleep,  
 Tho' round his urn the widow'd Muse shall weep,  
 No more his lays shall charm, his wit no more  
 Shall set the crouded audience in a roar;  
 But while the soul through æther wings its way,  
 The fire that charm'd us lies extinct in clay.  
 Rest to his shade, in life's wide ocean tost,  
 If aught of wisdom or of fame be lost,  
 His *follies* in the grave forgotten lie,  
 His *fate* from human nature claims a sigh.  
 So sudden call'd, may all in time to come  
 Stand well prepar'd to meet their final doom.

### E X T E M P O R E.

YE Pundlers, and Jokers, and Witlings give o'er,  
 What farther of FOOTE would ye have?  
 Though the Table he knew how to set in a Roar,  
 Let the Man rest at Ease in his Grave.  
 As you cannot affect him by all that you say,  
 Prepare, then, yourselves for the Stroke;  
 Though "Life's but a Jest," as it passes away,  
 Believe me, that *Death is no Joke*.

NEW

## NEW AND CHOICE CONUNDRUMS;

1. **W**HY is a Lawyer like a Lion?  
 2. Why is King George like a *Steeple*?  
 3. Why is Lord Sandwich like a *First Rate Man of War*?  
 4. Why is Lord North like *Number 1*?  
 5. Why is he like a *Cypher*?  
 6. Why are the Patriots like a *light Guinea*?  
 7. Why is a Counsellor's Head like a *Barber's Block*?  
 8. Why is a Weathercock like a *Man of War*?  
 9. Why are Lord Chesterfield's Letters like *Syllabus*?  
 10. Why is a Woman in Labour like a *Glass Window*?  
 11. Why is a Dog like a *Critic*?  
 12. Why is going to Law like going to *Tyburn*?  
 13. Why is an inconstant Woman like *Quicksilver*?  
 14. Why are many of our great Men like *Houses*?  
 15. Why are they like *Mountebanks*?

## SOLUTIONS TO THE CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he goes about seeking whom he may devour;  
 2. Because he is the *Head* of the Church.  
 3. Because he is at the Head of the Navy.  
 4. Because he is the *first figure* in the Ministry.  
 5. Because when he *standeth by himself* he is useless.  
 6. Because they want *Weight*.  
 7. Because it wears *Wigs of different Sizes*.  
 8. Because it moves when the Wind blows.  
 9. Because they are *frothy*.  
 10. Because she is full of *pains*.  
 11. Because he snarls.  
 12. Because it brings on Repentance.  
 13. Because there is no *fixing* her.  
 14. Because their *upper Stories* are worst furnished.  
 15. Because they *play the fool*.

## EPITAPH on the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AS Children laugh, or cry themselves to sleep,  
 He play'd his Life away—left us to weep.

G

EXTEM.

EXTEMPORE *on* FOOTE'S DEATH.

YE Sons of Frolic, Mirth and Fun,  
Ye Jokers, hang the Head;  
Your Patron's earthly Race is run,  
And Wit itself is dead.

"That cannot be," a Bard replies,  
"'Tis true, that Foot may die,  
"But Wit, immortal, still must rise,  
"And seek her native Sky."

EXTEMPORE: *On the same.*

SATIRE and *Irony* no more  
Shall forth their Arrows shoot;—  
Ev'n *Wit* must fall;—the reason's plain,  
Because she's as ne'er a—FOOTE!

*On a* FOOT SOLDIER.

ON a long March at length he lost his Breath,  
And took up Quarters with his Landlord *Death*;  
With whom in Peace and Rest he'll surely stay,  
'Till Trumpets sound the great *reviewing-day*.

*On a* PETTYFOGGING LAWYER.

Beneath this Dunghill rotting lies  
A Knave, who liv'd by Fools:—  
If to Heav'n's Court he ever rise,  
He'll break his *Prison Rules*.

ROGER and NELL. *An original Epigram.*

I Love you quoth Roger, but cannot tell why;  
'Tis not for your beauty or wit:  
What can it be for, Nell?—She made this reply,  
You love me for what you can get.

TOASTS



## TOASTS for the present YEAR.

*The QUEEN.*

ALL Health and Honour, Plenty, Peace  
 With Charlotte's growing Years encrease,  
 Each genuine Blessing streaming down  
 On the first Gem in Britain's Crown.

*The PRINCESS ROYAL.*

HAIL op'ning Flower, whose rising Charms display,  
 The growing Beauties of thy riper Day—  
 When some illustrious Prince shall court thy Charms,  
 And seize Heav'n's Bounty with expanded Arms,  
 O trebly blest, in Person, Mind, and Face,  
 With all thy Father's Worth, and all thy Mother's Grace.

*EPITAPH on the Death of Commodore FORREST,*

IS Forrest dead?—Death, thou has fell'd an Oak,  
 By a most cruel and untimely Stroke:  
 But ere thou kill'st another brave as he,  
 Old Time shall make a heavy Blow at thee.

*On a L A D Y.*

## I.

THE Friend of Genius and of Truth,  
 Here rests—beyond the Reach of Pain:  
 Here Beauty lies, and blooming Youth—  
 Reflect ye giddy and ye vain!

## II.

Why need the sculptur'd Stone declare  
 That Love and Friendship held her dear,  
 Since none who knew her could forbear  
 The silent but expressive Tear.

# THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

Poor George, when he heard that his Wife was in Labour,  
 Invited each useful respectable Neighbour;  
 Her Groans were so loud that they melted his Heart,  
 And he rail'd at himself, as the Cause of her Smart;  
 "Wipe your Eyes, George, said she, and from weeping  
 refrain,  
 "I cannot blame *you* as the Cause of my Pain."

## THE SCOLD. A Song.

SOME Women take Delight in Drefs;  
 And some in Cards take Pleasure;  
 Whilst others place their Happiness  
 In heaping hoards of Treasure;  
 In private some delight to kiss,  
 Their hidden Charms unfolding;  
 But, all mistake the sovereign Bliss;  
 There's no such Joy as Scolding.  
 The Instant that I ope my Eyes,  
 Adieu all Day to Silence;  
 Before my Neighbours they can rise,  
 They hear my Tongue a Mile hence:  
 When at the Board I take my Seat,  
 'Tis one continued Riot;  
 I eat and scold, and scold and eat,  
 My Clack is ne'er at quiet.  
 Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
 I ever am complaining;  
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,  
 Each Guest at Table paining;  
 Let it be Fowl, or Flesh, or Fish,  
 Though of my own providing,  
 I still find Fault with every Dish;  
 Still every Servant chiding.  
 But, when to Bed I go at Night,  
 I surely fall a weeping;  
 For then I lose my great Delight,  
 How can I scold when sleeping?

But

But this my pain doth mitigate,  
And soon disperses sorrow,  
Although to-night it be too late,  
I'll pay it off To-morrow.

*The FLY and the CANDLE,*

RETIRE, thou vain, thou giddy thing,

Retire: And yet be wise—

The flame has caught his silken wing;

He flutters, falls, and dies.

I, also, like this hapless fly,

Grown giddy as I gaze,

Ev'n now, alas! approach too nigh,

And perish in the blaze.

E P I T A P H.

*On the DEATH of a FAIR PENITENT.*

HERE lie I, once a witty Fair,

Ill living, and ill-lov'd;

Whose heedless beauty was my snare,

Whose wit my folly prov'd.

E P I G R A M.

*On a gentleman whose name is Calf, paying his addresses to a  
beautiful young lady at Hampton.*

THOUGH great Jove, (unless poets relate what's untrue)

In the form of a bull did Europa subdue;

Sure you never can fancy your fate has decreed,

That a Calf like yourself can with Sally succeed.

E P I G R A M.

*On a lady who vowed never to marry.*

CHLOE abhor'd the name of wife,

Was very grave and stay'd,

Resolv'd to lead a happy life,

And live and die a maid;

Yet

Yet soon as Florio bravely try'd  
 With well-feign'd arts to win her,  
 The virgin yielded, blush'd, and cry'd,  
 " I'll not be such a sinner."

*An Epitaph on a Cobler.*

LET drop one tear my gentle friend,  
 And pity this poor Cobler's end.  
 This honest fellow work'd so fast,  
 He wore his awl out and his last.  
 On future bliss he can't depend,  
 His sole was grown too bad to mend.

*Generous OEconomy.*

Frank, who will any friend supply,  
 Lent me ten guineas—Come, said I,  
 Give me a pen, it is but fair,  
 You take my note :—Quoth he, hold there,  
 Jack ! to the cash I've bid adieu ;  
 No need to waste my paper too.

*A Receipt to make an EPIGRAM.*

A pleasing subject first with care provide ;  
 Your matter must with nature be supply'd ;  
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long,  
 Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong ;  
 In proper places proper numbers use,  
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;  
 Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,  
 But the slow spondee coming thoughts suspends ;  
 Your last attention on the sting bestow,  
 To that your good or ill-success you'll owe,  
 Not wit alone must shine, but humour flow,  
 Observing these your Epigram's compleated.  
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seventy-times repeated.

*On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Architect.*

Lie light upon him earth ! tho' he  
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.



*On a lady who wore false hair.*

THE golden hair that D——y wears,  
Is hers, who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears;  
For I know where she bought it.

*On the WORLD.*

THE world's a city form'd by many a street.  
And death's the market-place where all men meet;  
If life was merchandise that men could buy,  
The rich would always live, the poor <sup>must</sup> die.

*The CREDITOR.*

My money, Sir, I want—do fix a day,  
For payment promis'd—tho' you never pay—  
Let it be doom's-day—take a longer scope—  
Pay when you're honest, or at least give hope.

*The WAGER.*

TOM Trotter, last Christmas, most bitterly swore,  
That he would be marry'd by May or before;  
However a wager we laid on't, in fine,  
Of two Turkey cocks and a bottle of wine.  
A fortnight ago I chanc'd to see Tom,  
I ask'd him if marry'd, he sigh'd with a hum:  
What Tom is it so? I find then I've lost,  
Aye! faintly, says he, and I've won to my cost;  
A terrible shrew of a wife I've to handle,  
It was but last night in my face went the candle,  
She's scolding for ever, no tongue can express,  
She makes the room eccho, like football, no peace;  
Now and then, nay 'tis often, my head she will comb  
In a terrible manner:—thus suffers poor Tom.  
She all company keeps, goes out when she will,  
Unconstant and giddy as Colliner's mill.  
She'll be out of the way, come and see me to-morrow:  
I wish I had lost: but I've won to my sorrow.

The following are the capital Dramatic Productions of the  
late English *Aristophanes*; several of which being yet in  
Manuscript, the Property of them devolves to his Son.

Diversions of the Morning; afterwards given to the Public  
as *Mr. Foote's Tea*.

Taste.

The Knights.

The Minor.

The Englishman in Paris.

The Englishman returned from Paris.

The Orators.

The Mayor of Garrat.

The Author.

The Capuchin.

The Commissary.

The Patron.

The Liar.

The Devil upon Two Sticks.

The LAME LOVER\*.

The Maid of Bath.

The Cozeners.

The Nabob.

The Bankrupt. And

A Trip to Calais.

\* For a beautiful Representation of a striking Scene in that  
Comedy, see our ingenious Frontispiece.



